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Evangelical Visitor- November 4, 1912. Vol. XXVI. No. 22.

George Detwiler

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Evangelical Visitor.

The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord as the Waters Cover the Sea.—Isa. xl.

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—Psa. 10:7.

VOL. XXVI.

GRANTHAM, PA., MONDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1912.

No. 22.

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THE BEAUTY OF MODESTY.

The apostle Peter speaks of a certain womanly ornament as being in the sight of God of great price. This gives us an idea of God Himself watching a girl's heart, looking at it, valuing it, and seeing what is in it. Young girl, He is looking this very moment to see what your true ornaments are—whether you trust to the mere clothes in which you dress. He is watching your conduct with your friends. He sees whether you are meek, modest, quiet, gentle or forward, bold, pleasure-loving, giddy, and thoughtless. He observes whether you are tender, considerate, and obedient to your parents, or whether you despise their advice, authority, and experience. He sees whether you are obstinate and self-willed. Here is what He says (Syriac Translation): "Adorn not yourselves with the external ornaments of curls of the hair, or of golden trinkets, or of costly garments. But adorn yourselves in the hidden person of the heart, with a mild and uncorrupted spirit, an ornament that is precious before God." (I. Peter 3: 3, 4).

Girls who live in the country have many great advantages over those who live in town. It is not so easy to be simple, modest, unaffected, natural, a-

long the streets of a great city as it is in a quiet home of a country village. There the family can live its own life, away from bad example, free from hearing bad language, with no temptation to indulge in foolish extravagance of dress. In such homes, the girls can grow up humble, quiet, God-fearing, with no idea of aping the class above them; obedient to their mothers, helpful to all, respectful to those who are over them in the Lord, neat in dress, quiet and thoughtful in manner.

Often it happens, however, that each family wants to be as well considered as any other; and thus refuses to respect those differences which are caused by birth, wealth, or education. Thus the girls from such families, as they grow up, too often look with envious eyes at the gay things in the shop-windows; and in their ignorance and want of taste, only succeed in making themselves look like bad characters. Who can wonder that, as these things are so, the heart of those who care for you is made sad, as they see the bold stare, the forward manner, the foolish dress, the silly giggle, the vulgar self-assertion, the graceless demeanor, the absence of modesty?

You can not be raised by dress, however beautiful, one single inch above your natural position and your natural disposition. If any wish for a change to a higher condition, bear in mind that it is the heart, the mind, the disposition, that must be changed, not the mere outward appearance. It is not the dress that distinguishes a lady or a gentleman from other people, it is not appearance, it is not position. It is courtesy and refinement, a knowledge of what is right in small things, as self-respect, a neatness in habits; all of which must be genuine and which can not be imitated with success.

What a sad picture often forces itself upon the public eye: young women flaunting about in gay and unseemly dress, out on the street late at night, uncontrolled in their conversation, gossiping with idle young men, eager for consequences!

Of what value are coarse and gaudy flowers in comparison with the violet, the lily of the valley, or the rose newly washed with the morning dew, hiding

amongst its leaves from the sun? When once a girl has been allowed to be, or has grown accustomed to being, much out and away from home, to talk to whomsoever she pleases—strangers and passers-by and mere acquaintances; when she has once lost her maiden blush and her quiet love of retirement; then the bloom of her girlhood is gone, and can never be fully restored.

Mothers, in all classes, are to blame for the want of simplicity in the way they dress their children. It is indeed sad that even the simplicity and innocence of childhood should have such inroads made upon it by the ignorant pride of those who ought to know better! If children are taught to be vain, how can it be otherwise when they grow up? If they are trained to show off when they are young, much more will they want to show off when they are older. They will acquire habits which will not be easy to leave; they will be enrolled in the ranks of those who are forward and not modest.

May we hope that the time will come when the beauty of modesty will be more appreciated by our American girls?—*Wm. Strong in Gospel Trumpet.*

"DEPTHS OF THE SEA." A bottomless ocean is a good emblem of infinite mercy. When God pardons, He has no reserves or limitations, no half-forgiveness, like the sons of men. He does it with His whole heart and His whole soul. He pardons freely, fully and eternally and delighteth in doing it. Thus He discovers both the glory of His grace and the value of Christ's atonement.—*Berridge.*

What need those have, to stand upon their guard, who have made a great profession of religion, and showed themselves forward and zealous in devotion, because the devil will set upon them most violently, and if they misbehave, the reproach is the greater: it is the evening that commends the day; let us therefore fear, lest, having run well, we seem to come short.—*Matthew Henry.*

NOT TO GRUDGE, howbeit ye come from prayer without sense of joy. Down-casting, sense of guiltiness, and hunger are often best for us.—*Rutherford.*

Evangelical Visitor

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For the exposition of true, practical piety and devoted to the spread of Evangelical truths and the Unity of the church.

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EDITORIAL.

AS REGARDS SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR 1913.

We notice that next years Sunday school lessons will take us through the Pentateuch and a few lessons in the Book of Joshua. During the first three quarters the lessons are confined to the two first books of the Bible,—Genesis and Exodus. So it will be seen that practically the whole of the year 1913, will be spent in the earliest books of the Bible by the Sunday schools that follow the International Lesson Course, and it will be an excellent time to adopt a systematic study of the Bible.

In entering in on the study of Genesis it is well for us to remember that there is such a thing as the Destructive Higher Criticism, a propaganda that seeks to rob us of the ancient faith which receives the Bible as the GOD-BREATHED WORD. It is well to remember further that this Destructive Higher Criticism is rampant in

the higher educational institutions of the present day in this and other lands, also that it pervades very much of the literature of our day, and is found to an alarming degree in much of the Sunday school literature, such as lesson helps, etc. That the International Lesson Committee is not free from catering to this element or at least is influenced to some extent by the New Theology, appeared to be evident from the lesson arrangement during the current year.

As to the attitude of the Destructive Higher Criticism towards Genesis it is well to know that, since the Book of Genesis is the foundation of the whole Bible, and is of such vast importance, it is not surprising that the enemy of the Truth of God has first of all directed his attacks against this Book so as to break down its authority. A. C. Gabelein, editor of *Our Hope* writes as follows:

"A hundred years ago and less the cunning inventions of the father of lies, directed against the inspiration of Genesis, and its unity, occupied mostly, if not altogether, the minds of theologians and scholars. It is different now. The stock in trade of the destructive critics, differing but little from that of accredited infidels, has become the common property of evangelical Christendom. The rationalistic theories concerning the date and authorship of Genesis are now liberally and almost universally displayed. In theological seminaries they are openly taught, and hundreds of men who claim to be teachers of the oracles of God, deny the inspiration of the Book of Genesis."

Now as to the paternity of Higher Criticism we may be sure that it is not of God. In the destructive criticism of Genesis and the Pentateuch we have the enemy of God at work. A Frenchman, Jean Astruc by name, has been called the "Sir Isaac Newton of Criticism." He was a physician, a free-thinker, who led a wicked and immoral life. In a book entitled, "Conjectures Regarding the Original Memiors in the Book of Genesis," which he published in 1753, he gave to the world his doubts concerning the things recorded in this Book. He taught that two different documents were used in the composition of the Book. This he based on the fact that two names of God were used in the composition of the Book. The two names were Elohim (translated, God) and Jehovah (translated, Lord). So this unsaved man was the inventor of the hypothesis of a, so called, Jehovist and Elohist writer. However,

it was a German scholar and rationalist who formulated the denial of the unity and inspiration of Genesis into a system. This man was Professor Eichhorn, and he coined the phrase, "Higher Criticism," and therefore is the "father" of it. He was successful in introducing the theory of Astruc into the theological institutions of Germany. Being a very learned man his invented higher criticism took hold upon the minds of thousands of people. Another Higher Critic who himself was a "powerful factor of this most dangerous infidelity," gives his estimate of Professor Eichhorn in the following words:

"We cannot fail to recognize that, from a religious point of view, the Bible was a closed book to him."

"Such is the Paternity of the now widely accepted 'Higher Criticism': an immoral infidel Frenchman and an unconverted, blind leader of the blind, a German Professor."

Then other men followed these men, some teaching different theories from these. There were many who may be fitly called the disciples of the immoral Frenchman and the infidel German. One of them, George Adam Smith, has said that the frame work of the first eleven chapters of Genesis is woven from the *raw material of myth and legend*. And the works of this man and others are now sold at popular prices by so called "Christian Publishers."

Now this being the condition of things it will be quite evident that there is need of watching very closely the lesson helps that will find acceptance in our Sunday schools. The duty seems to be plain that any thing that partakes, in any way, of the nature of the destructive higher criticism should be let severely alone as far as giving it any place in our schools goes. It is claimed, and not without reason, we presume, that nearly all of the larger, more popular denominational bodies, are permeated with these destructive teachings and it is but what we may expect that the literature which they provide for Sunday schools will be of the same nature.

As far as possible, the Lord giving wisdom, we mean that the helps that go out from us shall be safe and we do not anticipate any trouble on that line. However, there are yet a few schools, and possibly a goodly number of individuals who use other more popular helps, so that in that way there may be some danger ahead. The publisher of *Notes for Bible Study*, Toronto, Ont., in an announcement of enlargement of *Notes* for next year,

giving more space to Sunday school lesson matter has this to say in way of warning:

"One of the recent attacks made on the Word of God is in connection with the SUNDAY SCHOOL and the SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS. Teachers are at sea these days. Their Helps (?) no longer help. They are alarmed at the downgrade tendency, or they are blissfully ignorant of the poison they are constantly imbibing." And Mr. Roffe, the publisher announces that *Notes* will continue to be a safe help.

But it is evident that Christians who are inquiring for the Old Paths, need to be on the look-out and provide safe literature for their Sunday schools for the coming year. The Destructive Higher Criticism will without doubt do its utmost to capture the Sunday Schools, and it is the duty of loyal Christians everywhere to lift up a banner against such invasion.

AT MARTINSBURG, PA.

We were able to take a few days off since our last issue and attend the love feast at Martinsburg, Pa., on Oct. 19 and 20. It was our second visit to that place and we enjoyed our stay very much. There is a rather small company of earnest and spiritual members there under the oversight of Bishop Stern.

The meetings were well attended. Arriving after 2 P. M. on Saturday we found the service in progress. The members appeared to be quite alive and ready in the testimony service. The brethren J. H. Myers and H. C. Shank were also there as visiting ministers. The services were solemn and orderly as becomes all such services.

The Sunday school on Sunday morning was well attended and interesting. We remained for the Sunday evening meeting and returned homeward with the first train on Monday morning. We hope the class at Martinsburg may prosper under the blessing of God and the faithful labors of the ministers in charge.

Lead pencil writing is not favored by the compositor, yet now and then some one sends in an article written with that instrument, and we do the best we can with it. When the writing is distinct and plain we can bear with it, but when the paper is of the cheapest sort put up into scribbling pads for children in school, and the writing far from plain it is almost too much to ask a compositor to put it into type. Kindly remember this when you write again.

Tomorrow, November 5, the citizens of these United States will cast their votes for the election of a president and vice-president for the next presidential term, commencing March 4, 1913. Professedly this is a Christian nation and we might reasonably expect that the voting would show favorably on questions of virtue and morality. We venture however, to guess that the election will result in victory for one of the parties which are favorable to continuing the wicked partnership with the liquor interest. How it is that church people, professedly Christian, can continue to throw their influence in favor of the liquor traffic we cannot understand. If they would for once break loose from the old parties, and, to a man, vote with the party which is pledged to rid the country of the dominance of liquor rule, treating it as Abraham Lincoln did, slavery, denouncing it as a crime, there would be an emancipation greater than when the slaves were set free. And this it would seem to us would be the most reasonable thing to do, if we vote at all.

Special meetings are already in progress, or soon will be, in a number of districts in different parts of the Brotherhood. It will be noticed elsewhere in this issue that Eld. Abner Martin of Elizabethtown, Pa., will take up the work at Mechanicsburg, Pa., on Nov. 10. We learn from the *Abilene Reflector* that Eld. W. J. Myers of Massillon, Ohio, commenced work at the Belle Springs, Kansas, M. H. on Oct. 27. Word from Thomas, Okla., informs us that Bish. M. G. Engle of Kansas will labor at the Bethany M. H. beginning in the near future. No doubt others may soon be in progress of which we have not been informed. May God bless all the efforts.

In some way, we don't know how, the name of Sr. Mary Heisey was dropped out of the list of Missionary addresses in connection with the names of the other missionaries at the Matopo Mission. We were apprised of this omission by several of our Ohio friends. We are sorry that it occurred and will see that the name appears again.

Did our readers all notice that we offer to new subscribers the VISITOR from now on until Jan. 1914, for \$1.00, and further, for 17 cents more, our Gospel Text Wall Calender for 1913, and also a Fountain Pen, self-filling, for \$1.25. Our old subscribers can

secure the Calender for 22 cents extra, and the Pen for \$1.50 extra. We would like to be favored with many new subscribers, and many orders for Calenders and Pens. Send orders early.

SPECIAL NOTICE:

We are under necessity of informing our VISITOR friends, as also others, that our residence is yet in Harrisburg, Pa., and our address is as before, 1216 Walnut St. All subscriptions, and matter for the VISITOR, should be sent here. All postal orders should be made payable at Harrisburg, Pa. Draw all checks, bank drafts and postal orders in favor of Geo. Detwiler.

We have no trouble in using private checks even from Canada. We would rather our Canada friends would send private checks, or preferably, postal notes or orders, than Canada bank bills. Please don't send us Canada silver nor Canada postage stamps.

On page 12 of the VISITOR under *Publisher's Notice* there is a short paragraph which reads as follows: "Communications without the author's name will receive no recognition." We have before now called attention to this rule, but there is still one now and then who sends in something for the VISITOR, without the name and according to the above rule it must go to the waste basket. We have an article on hand now which might be printed but we have no way of knowing who the writer is. Where it is requested that the name be withheld—not printed—we respect such request. There are however some communications whose nature would almost require the author's name to accompany the same. This, it seems to us, would be the case with the article referred to above. When any one feels called to write in the way of reproof, rebuke, or admonition it ought not be done anonymously. However we may say here that the ground of the article in question is pretty well covered by the article entitled "Drifting," found elsewhere in this issue.

With all the cares of life, and all its sorrows, yet I find that a life of communion with God is sufficient to yield consolation in the midst of all, and even to produce a holy joy in the soul, which shall make it to triumph over all affliction. I have never yet repented of any sacrifice that I have made for the Gospel, and find that consolation of mind which can come from God alone.—*Wm. Carey.*

THE DEVIL HAS sworn our death, but he will crack a deaf nut. The kernel will be gone.—*Luther.*

News of Church Activity IN THE HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Myron and Ada Taylor, H. Frances Davidson, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.

Walter O. Wenger, Abbie B. Winger, Elizabeth Engle, Mtshabezi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 5263, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Louis B. Steckley, Sadie Book, Cora Alvis, Mandamange Mission, Selukwe, S. Rhodesia, South Africa.

Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, box 10, Boksburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

The following are not under the F.M.B.: D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Adra, B. N. R., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona Dist., Ramabai Home, India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, C. A.

Missionaries on Furlough.

H. J. and Emma Frey, Abilene, Kansas. Sallie K. Doner, Campbelltown, Pa.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

Philadelphia Mission, 3423 North Second street, in charge of Sr. Mary K. Stover.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley street.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halstead street. In charge of Sister Sarah Bert, Brother B. L. Erubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1226 W. 11th street. In charge of Eld. J. R. and Sister Anna Zook.

Jal'bok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 3, Box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland street. In charge of Sister Lizzie Winger and workers.

Dayton Mission, in charge of W. H. and Susie Boyer, 601 Taylor street, Dayton, Ohio.

LOVE FEASTS.

Pennsylvania.

Scaderton, Oct. 26, 27. Services begin at 1:30 P. M. on Saturday.

Montgomery M. H. Oct. 23, 24. Railroad station, Greencastle.

All are invited, ministers especially.

Ohio.

Maple Grove M. H. Clark county, Nov. 9, 10. O. E. cars will be met at Lowery's stop from 9:40 to 11:20 A. M. on Saturday. All are invited.

Kansas.

Zion, Oct. 26-27.

Newbern, Nov. 16-17.

Alilene, Nov. 30, Dec. 1.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

On Nov. 16, at Mt. Pleasant, near Mt. Joy, Pa.

Services begin at 5 P. M.

Fairland, Nov. 16. Service begins at 5 P. M.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

A series of meetings will be held at Mechanicsburg, Pa., beginning, Nov. 10. Elder Abner Martin of Elizabethtown, Pa., will conduct these meetings.

All are invited to attend.

Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA MISSION.

He that dwelleth in the Secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty" (Psalm 90: 1).

"Whoso stoppeth his ears at the cry of the poor, he also shall cry himself, but shall not be heard" (Proverbs 21: 13).

I praise God for His goodness to us: we passed through dark seasons since you heard from us last, but we can shout, victory. Praise the Lord. (I. Cor. 10: 13). He will leave nothing come on us that we are not able to bear. Glory to Jesus. Pray for us all who are interested in the lost of earth.

FINANCIAL.

Report from Sept. 19, to Oct. 26, 1912.

Balance on hand, \$13.95.

Receipts.

Canton, Ohio, \$8.36; Cambellstown, Pa., \$2.00; Lancaster, Pa., \$2.50; Harrisburg, Pa., \$1.00; Cash, \$1.00; Offerings, \$11.04; Total, \$39.85.

Expended.

Provisions, \$26.38; gas, \$2.50; other expenses, \$4.86; Mission, \$.75; total, \$34.49.

Balance on hand, \$5. 36.

Other Donations.

A brother and sister, a basket of vegetables; a friend 3 baskets of tomatoes, 1 basket peaches, 1 watermelon. In the last report a mistake occurred. A brother and sister of Philadelphia, a basket of vegetables; and 1 box of clothing from Florin, Pa., donated by the Florin Sewing Circle.

May God's blessing rest on all hands and hearts who take an interest in this well-begun work. Yours for souls,

Mary K. Stover.

3423 N. Second St. Philadelphia, Pa.

SAN FRANCISCO MISSION.

"Be ye strong and of a good courage ***only be strong and very courageous" (Joshua 1: 6, 7).

The month just past has held for us some tests and responsibilities, but in all these we have seen the salvation of a sufficient number of souls to make it well worth while. One of these conversions was that of a young Hawaiian, whose work had been on a ship sailing between this port and his native country. About six months ago he was given a Testament by a mission worker in San Deigo, and he had been perusing its contents. This brought conviction, so that when he heard our street meeting one Sunday afternoon he came into the service, and when the invitation to seek God was given, he was ready to respond. No sooner did the witness come of sins forgiven than he rose and sang with a beautiful voice, "We are walking in the light," which song he had learned in Sunday school in Honolulu. He is now running on a boat between San Francisco and Stochton, and while he can not attend services, the last time we saw him he was true to his covenant, and said

he found new things in his testament every day.

Several soldiers have been won back to the Christian life during the month. One of them, a Russian Jew, whose mother opposes very strongly the step he has taken; but he seems clear in his conversion and firm in his determination to go on. The good Lord comforts His servants with the word which says that the whole world and a soul are not to be compared in value, so we feel that our labor in San Francisco has been well worth while in spite of all that has had to be overcome.

Bro. and Sister J. H. Wagaman are now with us, and we believe they will be of great help to the mission work. Pray for them; if you can not do anything else, you can pray, and prayer in faith avails much.

FINANCIAL.

Report from Sept. 24, to Oct. 24 1912.

Receipts.

J. Haldeman, Reedley, Cal., \$1.00; Sr. Anna Byer, Kans., \$8.00; Upland Church, Upland, Cal., \$25.00; S. Wingert, ---, \$1.00; Sr. D. Wingert, Chambersburg, Pa., \$5.00; Bro. Boozer, Pa., \$2.00; B. S. Herr, Cambridge City, Ind., \$2.00; Sr. Anna Zimmerman, Cambridge City, Ind., \$2.00; Rosebank S. S. Hope, Kans., \$13.58; Freewill offerings at hall, \$25.96; Total, \$88.54.

Expenditures.

Street car fares to and from hall, \$8.50; table supplies, \$16.72; home incidentals, \$3.27; hall lights, etc., \$3.55; home rent, \$8.00; hall rent, \$50.00; total, \$90.04.

Balance Sept. 24, \$3.89.

Balance Oct. 24, \$2.39.

Finally, brethren, pray for us.

The Workers.

CHAMBERSBURG MISSION.

Dear ones of the VISITOR I surely feel to praise the Lord this morning for His rich blessings to His faithful children. It pays to be in His service.

This Summer we held street meeting every Saturday evening, and God surely blessed my soul in knowing that we obeyed God and His commands. I know there was conviction. Eternity will tell as to results. The jail meeting is very interesting. Surely it encourages our hearts.

Some may think our coal bill is high, but we always get our bin filled. We think we will have enough if the Winter will not be too severe. So I hope you will not think hard of it.

On the third of November the continued meetings will start here. Pray that the Lord may have His way. Bro. Benjamin Hoover of Ohio is expected to be here. Report from Sept. 1, till Oct. 26, 1912.

FINANCIAL.

Receipts.

Sr. Emma Wingert, Reservoir Hill, Pa., \$2.00; A sister, \$.20 cents; Sr. Martin, \$1.00; Mt. Rock, S. S. \$14.00; Mission S. S., \$5.00; Sr. Sollenberger, \$1.00; a sister, Montgomery, \$5.00; Contribution box, \$.05; A brother, Mt. Rock, \$1.00; Bro. and Sr. A. O. Wenger, \$5.00; Total, \$34.25.

Expenses.

Provisions, \$22.18; light, \$1.62; coal, \$55.60; incidentals, \$5.00; due mission last report, \$10.67; total, \$95.07.

Balance due mission, \$60.82.

Other donations.

A brother, Mt. Rock, sweet potatoes,

corn meal, apples, chicken, basket provisions; S. S. Burkholder, butter; Sol. D. Wingert, basket provisions; H. W. Lehman, basket provisions.

Remember us as your unworthy brother and sister.

Bro. and Sr. A. O. Wenger.

463 Center St.

LOVE FESAT AT SPRINGVALE, ONT.

Dear readers: Greeting in the precious name of Jesus. We were especially blessed this Fall. Our regular weekly prayer-meeting is on Wednesday night; and Bro. Elliott got here when the meeting was drawing to a close. He gave us a few words of encouragement and exhortation, and on Thursday evening Bro. Asa Bearss was with us too; so we had meetings for the rest of the week. We had several ministering brethren and a goodly number of brothers and sisters from different places. God's Holy Spirit was in our midst on Saturday afternoon in the testimony meeting, and we had a grand meeting. Just before supper two young sisters, one from Houghton, the other a home sister were received into the church.

Our evening service which is in memory of the suffering and death of our dear Savior was a blessing to those who partook of the emblems.

On Sunday morning we met again at 9 o'clock and had our usual testimony meeting which again was good, and full of power. After the testimony meeting Bro. Asa Bearss gave us a sermon on baptism, and in the afternoon our two young sisters went down into the watery grave, to rise and walk in newness of life. May God help them to ever stay close to their dear Savior's side. We had meeting again Sunday evening and also Monday and Tuesday evening. God has wonderfully blessed us here in this place: pray that the work that has begun may continue.

Correspondent.

OUR TRIP TO MERRINGTON, SASK.

In compliance with a call from the Brethren of Merrington, Sask., the writer left home on Tuesday morning the 17th. of September and arrived at Kindersley, Sask., on Saturday at 6 P. M.—just 24 hours behind regular time on account of a washout on the road. Here we were met at the depot by our son, C. W. Baker, and several brethren, whom we were glad to meet, all of them well, and of good cheer. On Sunday, of September 22, our son took us to Merrington where we met with the Brethren at 2 P. M. for worship and Sabbath school. After Sabbath school we went with I. C. Baker for the night. On Monday and Tuesday forenoon we visited in the neighborhood, and in the afternoon we met in council to consider the advisability of ordaining I. C. Baker to the eldership, the ordination of H. Hahn to the deaconship having previously been decided upon. After considerable discussion it was finally decided that the ordination of I. C. Baker and H. Hahn should be proceeded with on the following Sunday Sept. 29. The following three days and a half we spent in visiting, and managed to visit all the members save three whom our limited time did not permit to go and see at their homes, but saw them several times during the

meetings. On Saturday afternoon Sept. 28, we assembled for love feast services. The usual services we believe were interesting and inspiring to all present, and the communion was partaken of by all the members there in a reverential manner. On Sunday we met for social services at 9.30, A. M., and preaching service began at 11, A. M., when we made use of I. Peter 5: 1-5, after which the brethren I. C. Baker and H. Hahn were ordained to their respective offices. At 2 P. M. we again met for service and Sabbath school and were pleased to see so many out for the occasion. As we could not stay with the Brethren any longer at this time, on account of other church duties awaiting us, we returned, after Sabbath school, with our son to Kindersley, and after a good night's rest we left Kindersley at 9 A. M., Sept. 30, for home, arriving there at 10 P. M. on Oct. 3, finding our loved ones well and of good cheer, for which we praise God.

The church at Merrington is now fully organized and apparently promises to be a power for good in the Master's cause there. The ministerial staff including the elder, ministers and deacon is composed of men of ability and stability. If each one does his part in his ministerial capacity out of love towards God and the church, we believe that they will be instrumental in building up a flourishing congregation in that place. The membership is principally composed of middle-aged brethren and sisters, who are intelligent and active, and, apparently, have the Master's cause at heart. We pray God that there always may be, and abound more and more, a spirit of love and forbearance between the ministry and the laity at that place, as well as everywhere throughout the Brotherhood. In conclusion we must say that we were kindly received and cared for by all with whom we came in contact whilst there, and wish unto all God's bountiful blessing for time and eternity.

Charles Baker.

WAUKENA, CAL.

To the VISITOR family; Greeting in Jesus' precious name. "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord he is my refuge and my fortress, My God, in him will I trust."

I am so glad for the precious promises we have in the word of God. They have been great comfort to me since my companion's sickness. Glad that I learned to trust Jesus.

According to arrangements Elder Burkholder and Bro. Lehman of Upland, Cal., arrived at this place and on the evening of Oct. 19, we met at Bro. Heise's home where we held a small love feast. There were ten communicants. Will also say that brother Samuel Lady of Kan., was with us. On the 20th. we all gathered to our regular place of worship, at the school house where we have services every Sunday.

After Sunday school Elder Burkholder broke the bread of life to us. The saints were all encouraged.

Bro. Geo. Hartzell was ordained to the ministry. He has been preaching for us since Bro. Haugh has been sick, but had never been ordained.

There were also services at the same place on Sunday evening, Bro. Lehman

holding forth the words of life. At the close of the meeting quite a number raised their hands for prayer. In the morning several had raised for prayer. I am glad that I can say the Lord is working in our midst. To Him belongs all the praise.

After services on the evening of the 20th. the brethren took their leave again for their homes. May the Lord abundantly bless them is my prayer.

We give a hearty invitation for brethren and sisters to stop with us when they can.

Katie Haugh.

Oct. 12, 1912.

UPLAND LETTER.

Readers of the VISITOR, greeting: Bro. Harry Wagaman and family were with us for about ten days. The brethren requested Bro. Wagaman to hold meetings during his stay. That the efforts were attended with blessing was manifested every evening. Several souls professed to be saved; others confessed, and some gave evidences of a thorough consecration. We feel to praise God for that which He wrought through the ministry of our brother.

Bro. Wagaman and family have left for San Francisco. We wish them God's richest blessing in their new field of labor "The San Francisco Mission."

On the evening of Oct. 13, we remembered the Lord in the breaking of the bread and partaking of the cup. A spirit of unity and love pervaded the services. It was a feast to our souls to worship in His presence. "Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages," (Eph. 3: 21).

Isaac D. Kreiss, Cor.

Upland, Cal.

A SISTER'S CONCERN.

Acts, chapter 16 was my reading lesson this new morning. I had many thoughts. When I am alone with God here at home in the kitchen I often am blessed more than at any other place. The word opens up more to me while reading here than any where else. This morning I feel as being alone with God: it is a wonderful experience. It would be good for all of us if we were entirely free from the Scribe spirit (Luke 20: 45-47). Jesus warned His followers to beware of highest seats, long robes, long prayers. We'll only receive greater condemnation. To make the longest speech, or have the most to say, or pray the biggest prayer, perhaps to be heard, yea if I say all in a meeting, I don't have the best promise. O if I could continually realize in all I do that I am before an Almighty God, alone with or before Him! If we could on the Sabbath day, like Paul, be by the river side where prayer is wont to be made, if we could realize more that we are before God instead of people, I believe it would be with us as it was there; Some one followed Paul and his companions saying, "These are the servants of the Most High God who show us the way of salvation." They would do the same with us. I feel and know God is here this morning. I may do things that don't look honest, but God says, "if you cheat, cheat no more." I certainly want to be true. If my brother or sister look down on me; every time I must make right

what I made wrong, and I never have gotten so far that I could not get or make right. Praise His dear name. When my father or mother, brother or sister, don't understand me and put me down God takes me up, and, I can stand alone with God.

Amanda Snyder.

A PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

Greeting to all God's people in the name of Him who has promised in His word never to leave nor forsake us, and who, through all the difficulties of life, and the many cunning devices of the adversary, is able, willing and always ready to carry us safely through, providing we live up to our privileges, and obey and meet the conditions which are handed down to us, being always resigned to His will, having His abiding love and His way in all things in our hearts and lives: and not only having it within but living it out to His glory and honor.

The most definite desire of mine, above all others, when the Lord showed me the awfulness of my condition, and when I became willing to surrender all, I prayerfully implored God in His infinite love and mercy, as I had never done before, to "create in me a clean heart," and to cleanse me from my secret faults, for I realized that my soul was burdened and oppressed with sin, that no tears could wash it away or human agency forgive, when instantly the saying of the blessed Master presented itself to me, "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Praise His name. Then as never before the vision of the cross loomed up before me and,

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Did I not give my life for thee?

Then can my lips be mute or my heart
be sad,

When the gracious Master hath made
me glad."

When He points where the many man-
sions be,

And sweetly says there is one for thee?"

O how I rejoice that I have chosen Him who has promised though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon for all. Praise His name.

In my former letter I explained briefly about Bro. Stover and co-workers holding meetings in the Italian Colony and were making splendid progress. But Satan got busy and the Catholic priest gave orders that we had to vacate the premises we occupied. His only reasons were we were leading his people astray and drawing them from his church. Evidence sufficient that God was working. But Satan hasn't defeated us for we left in peace and went one square away and held street meeting. Bro. Stover holds some of the children for Sunday school. He goes for the little ones before Sunday school and afterwards he brings them to their homes.

I know many of the dear brethren and sisters will be glad to hear that the Philadelphia Mission is prospering. Many strange faces come amongst us. Yesterday was a blessed day for the saints at the Mission: they had good meetings and a splendid turn out in the Sunday school. It seemed real old-fashioned to me. Last evening there were only a few vacant seats, and the Spirit was in our midst. I was very sorry to note many familiar faces are absenting themselves from the regular services, but glad to say that many strangers worship with us, which is quite encouraging indeed,

likewise their testimonies. Bro. Engle preached a powerful sermon, uplifting to the saints and inviting to the sinner. Bro. Engle plainly teaches that God has only one way of saving sinners from coming wrath, and we read of the way in the good Book, for Jesus Himself said, "I am the way the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me" (John 14:6). I rejoice in this that I have accepted in my life this truth and know now for a certainty that no man can save another from going down to destruction, neither minister, priest or bishop. Sinners must be brought to see their own lost condition by nature, then redemption by the blood will be a sweet story to them. "In whom we have redemption through His blood and forgiveness." (Eph. 1: 7).

O to be like Him,
Quick to obey:
Childlike and truthful,
Ready to say,
I and My Father purpose have one,
Thine, not my will, ever be done." My testimony.

I wish to thank the dear ones through your paper for their love and kindness in sending those papers to me. It is very considerate, indeed, on their part and inspiring and encouraging to me.

Now in conclusion I earnestly solicit the prayers of God's children for both the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Philadelphia Mission, individually and collectively, both pastor and people, as indeed we all need them. Now may God bless you all and make you a blessing in Jesus' name.

Christ shall be magnified and God glorified.

Mrs. Bessie Dimmich,
251 W. Tioga St. Philadelphia, Pa.

A VISIT THROUGH JUNIATTA AND BLAIR COUNTIES, PA.

"But I say he which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully" (II. Cor. 9: 6).

A visit is contemplated, my wife consents and encourages me, I leave her at Grantham, Pa., on Sept. 20, 1912, at evening. Next morning I came by train to Thompsettown, Juniatta county, Pa. Arriving there I walked out of town a little ways to Bro. Longaker's home. He took me to Bro. Book. I spent one week visiting from house to house. It was very wet and rainy and as I was not feeling so well I visited somewhat sparingly.

On Saturday, Sept. 28, was the convening together at Eld. Solomon Lauver's home for a lovefeast season. By noon a goodly number from different counties had convened and partook of a good noon meal. In the afternoon there was first a service of song and prayer being followed by a harvest meeting service. After this the usual examination scripture was read and spoken from by the brethren followed by testimony and song service during the afternoon. In the evening communion services were observed with the impression that Jesus is soon coming, and we were made to feel that it was our privilege to participate in till He comes again. On Sunday morning being rainy the meeting was small, yet the occasion proved a real feast to the weary pilgrims who had gathered to enjoy the occasion. Our denomination is small here. The Brethren have no

Sunday school of their own in which to entertain their children, so they go to other places. While I enjoyed to some extent my week's visit, and was cared for very kindly in their homes, I feel sorry that so many homes do not have our church paper, the EVANGELICAL VISITOR. However, I forbear in love.

Sunday services closed after dinner. I then came to Mifflin and by train came to Huntingdon having been invited to a Christian home. I soon found the brother's house he meeting me with a kindly, "Come in." I preached to a fair congregation in the Christian and Missionary Hall on Sunday evening, Sept. 29. My subject was, "Our Citizenship." Next day I spent at the Juniatta College, being entertained by H. B. Brumbaugh. I spent Monday evening in the chapel room of the school to hear the address by Miss Snively, a returned missionary from Korea, having labored there under the M. E. church. This young lady is a graduate of the school and was received with respect, and the faculty of the college showed their appreciation by a free-will offering. On Tuesday morning I attended the morning exercises. This is a large school having when full three hundred students. I bade farewell to my host H. B. Brumbaugh with the kindest of invitation to return at any time.

I then came to Altoona, and soon found No. 218 Fifth Avenue, the home of L. E. Smith, son-in-law of our sister Elizabeth Haines, where she makes her home. I was glad to meet the sister. We learned to love her long ago when she was yet in active life: but now she is in advanced age. About six months ago she fell from the porch and broke her hip bone, and now is disabled so that she can only walk a little with crutches when helped. The bone does not knit or heal at the broken place. Our sister was so glad for a visit. She is kindly cared for by her daughter and son-in-law. Yet she has many lonely hours and desires the church to pray for her, and visit her. You will find a welcome in Mr. Smith's home. Bishop I. Stern from the Cove church and other members have visited her. By her request Bro. Stern attended to the anointing which she received to the strengthening of her faith and to the glory of God. On Tuesday night, Oct. 1, 1912, I reached Martinsburg, Pa., and soon found my way to Bro. Henry Stoner's home where I found a hearty welcome. Years ago I frequently visited and labored in this district, but had not been here for sixteen years until now. I presume Satan hindered as he did in the case of the Apostle Paul. I hardly know how else to explain why we as brethren and sisters were kept apart so long for we were all so glad to see each other, as also those whom we never were acquainted with especially the younger ones, now with us in the church. Praise God for the children in the church. I wish there were a hundred per cent more. Some of the old radicals think they are too young, but I differ with them. We want to save our boys and girls from some of the gross sins that some men have become addicted to, such as a life of drunkenness and something more subtil, which is tobacco. The word of God plainly says that all unrighteousness is sin, and it is not right for a brother to chew tobacco nor to smoke it, or sisters either: and we labor to get it out of the church; God wants a holy people

and the man that uses tobacco defiles his body which God said, is holy.

I beg pardon for digressing from my subject of love as I again renew my acquaintance with those whom I had learned to love long ago. True, oh so many are not here any more, which does seem sad on the one side, but when I think that they have only gone to be with Christ which Paul says is far better, I concluded to rejoice with their joy and then weep with those who mourn.

My so-journ here was quite a little while, but as I was not very well in body I did not get to all the homes I had wished, there being invitations that I did not reach. I was much pleased on some lines, yet, pardon me when I say that the weekly prayer meetings were slack, enough of places but not enough of people. The Sunday school on preaching Sunday is pretty good but the off Sunday was small. On Sunday night, Oct. 13, we had Bro. Wm. Stoddard, the anti-secrecy preacher with us, so we gave way to him. His discourse was good (gospel).

But the time passes and my mind is directed to the love feast season that convened at the Martinsburg M. H. on Oct. 19, 20, 1912. I was privileged to be present at the feast. It was a time of refreshing to the isolated, and the aged pilgrims to meet once more to bring the near coming of our dear Lord to our minds. Oh how refreshing to the weary pilgrims, and what a joy to our dear young members. I feel that a long felt desire has been gratified in my visit to the Cove church. May our prayers blend and come up to God for the seed that has been sown that it may bring forth fruit to eternal life, that those who sow and they that reap may come rejoicing together.

The time was here for us to part from each other which we did with a good bye, and a warm hand shake; and as many as were impressed by the Holy Spirit gave of their carnal things. The apostle Paul writes to the church at Corinth and says, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things is it a great thing if we shall reap your carnal things?"

Yours, looking for the near coming of our blessed Christ.

John H. Myers.

Mercersburg, Pa. Oct. 22, 1912.

OBSTACLES OUGHT TO SET US SINGING. The wind finds voice, not when rushing across the open sea, but when hindered by the outstretched arms of the pine tree, or broken by the fine strings of the Aeolian harp. Then it has songs of power and beauty. Set your freed soul sweeping across the obstacles of life, through forests of pain, against even the tiny hindrances and frets that love uses, and it, too, will find its singing voice.—*Sel.*

OUR OWN COMFORT is increased by our working for others. We endeavor to cheer them, and the consolation gladdens our own heart—like the two men in the snow; one chafed the other's limbs to keep him from dying, and in so doing kept his own blood in circulation, and saved his own life.—*Spurgeon.*

CONTRIBUTIONS.

DRIFTING.

BY SAMUEL M. ENGLE.

"As ye have, therefore, received Christ Jesus the Lord so walk ye in him" (Col. 2: 6).

I desire to write for the VISITOR on this important subject, and may we all take heed thereto. I understand from the above scripture that Paul wanted to teach the church at Colosse that as they "have received Christ Jesus, the Lord, so they should walk in him." Paul also taught the church at Galatia to "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yolk of bondage" (Gal. 5: 1). We should all be watchmen in this great battle for souls: then as watchmen we are under obligations (Eze. 33: 6). Now the wonderful message from Isaiah comes before us, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet and show my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sin" (Isaiah 58: 1). If the above scripture was necessary in the prophet's time, I think it is more necessary in our time because we see a continual drifting away from the old paths. But this seems to be the trend of man as the Lord through Jeremiah the prophet of old realized and admonished them to ask for the old paths. Read Jeremiah 6: 16. The determination seems to be at present the same as they answered the prophet then: "WE WILL NOT WALK THEREIN."

I have looked with sadness on our Brotherhood when I thought of those who were once so plain and humble in appearance, such whom I knew, and doubtless there are many whom I do not know that are in the same condition. To a large extent it seems to be as the same prophet realized, "WE WILL NOT HEARKEN", (Jeremiah 6: 17). Considering where they once were and where they now are, surely there seems to be something wrong, and seriously too. Either they were false or else the devil succeeded in winning them away from the former path. This is a serious condition. There is a sad condition revealed to us in II. Thess. 2: 8-12. But the sad part is revealed in verses 11, and 12: "And for this cause God shall send them strong delusions that they should believe a lie: That they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness."

I believe if we are led in this plain and humble way, as our Brotherhood

believes, and are continually drifting into pride and not willing to crucify those affections which the devil presents; this scripture may be applied to us; and we may be professing sanctification or holiness and still be in a lost condition. The devil is very shrewd in presenting pride. For instance, to the brethren he may come in small degrees of shortness of hair, or lack of plainness in dress, and where shirts were good enough with attached collars now substituted with linen, celluloid, or rubber collars, as the case may be. These are signs of drifting, in my mind, and come to a sad end unless we repent. And as to the sisters, I do not believe the devil counts time gained by presenting a very thin covering to a very humble sister or the sparing of the cape or apron. If he can only get her to drifting little by little he is pleased. It may also be useless for the devil to present black cap strings to a very humble sister, but when he has gained her to drifting, I believe it is more easily accepted. This, in my mind, is one of the signs of drifting.

When such of the above are approached on the subject of drifting some justify themselves, others may see their error and return. Now if we rebel too long against better light and knowledge, I. Tim. 4: 2, may be our condition.

God through the prophet Jeremiah, chapter 2: 13, revealed an instance of drifting which also comes to an unprofitable end.

If this article can serve as a reminder and not as an offender I believe the Lord will get some glory out of it. While this may not be edifying to some, but if there should be some drifting soul who realizes his or her condition and desires to return, God is Faithful (I. Cor. 10: 13; I. John 1: 9). God is Willing (II. Peter 3: 9). God is Ready (Neh. 9: 17; Matt. 11: 28, 29, 30).

Well, may it be said of us as a Brotherhood if this scripture does not apply to us, "His watchmen are blind, they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark, sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber" (Isa. 56: 10). Pray for me.

Hummelstown, Pa.

SUCH A VIEW of the Divine Being is presented on the cross as is precisely calculated to inspire and maintain the two great principles of a holy life, the *love* and the *fear* of God, filial attachment, freedom and confidence, combined with humble reverence and holy dread.—*Dr. Wardlaw.*

MIRACLES IN GALILEE.

Jesus had been busy teaching the people by parables and explaining them to His disciples, and now that evening drew near He began to feel the physical reaction. His way of getting free from the people was to get into a boat and row away from land; and so He did in this case. Being much fatigued He laid down in the back part of the ship and fell asleep. During the night a fearful storm arose and lashed the waves with such fury that there was great danger of the ship capsizing. The disciples became very fearful and even terrified, and came to Jesus, who had all this time been quietly sleeping, and tremblingly called upon Him to awake and save them for they were in great danger of perishing. Jesus arose and rebuked the winds and immediately at His command they ceased to blow and the waves ceased to rage and a peaceful calm follow. Then Jesus turns to His disciples and seems amazed that they had so little faith in Him and God after seeing all the things He had already done. They in turn were amazed at this mighty manifestation of power, and said, "Who then is this that even the winds and waves obey him."

After the eventful night on the Sea Jesus and His disciples landed along the coast of Gerasenes, and having landed He was met by a demoniac or a man possessed with evil spirits. This man seems to have been controlled by spirits that made him rave like a mad man, for he was fierce and untameable and possessed with mighty strength so that he even tore chains. His dwelling place was not in the city but among the tombs or caves where the dead are buried. He seems to have had no control over himself for he cried out and cut himself with stones and bruised himself in other ways. But as soon as he saw Jesus he recognized the higher power and would fain have nothing to do with Jesus, for even His presence seemed to be tormenting to him. But Jesus silences the demons, who recognized His power and, who call on Him as the "Son of the Most High God," and asks them their name. They say, "Legion, for we are many." Jesus had already commanded the demons to come out of the man, and they now request to enter into a great herd of swine that were feeding on a hill not far thence. They were permitted to do so, and accordingly they entered into the swine, and the swine numbering about two thousand ran violently down a steep hill into the sea and were all drowned. When the herdsmen saw what had been done, they ran into the city and surrounding country and told what they had seen. Great multitudes gathered unto Jesus and were astonished and marveled when they saw the man who had been possessed with evil spirits, sitting at Jesus' feet, clothed and perfectly sane. They began to fear this strange and powerful man and desired Him to leave their country. Jesus then entered the ship and was about to leave for the other shore,

when the healed demoniac begged Jesus to take him along, but Jesus told him to stay at home and tell his friends the great miracle the Lord had performed. The man did as Jesus had told him, and when they heard it they marvelled.

Jesus now left the Gerasene people and returned to Galilee where He was met by a great multitude of people who were waiting for Him. But a man, a ruler of the synagogue, Jairus by name, came to Him and fell down at His feet and begged Him to come and heal his young daughter, the only child, who is at the point of death. Jesus responded to the earnest appeal, and while He was passing through the multitude a woman who had an issue of blood for twelve years, and, who had tried almost every means to be cured, but without effect, came and touched the hem of Jesus' garment, for she had such faith in Jesus' power that she felt sure that if she were only able to touch His garment she would be healed. As soon therefore, as she touched the hem of His garment she was made whole, the plague leaving her. Jesus being conscious that His power had been brought into use, turned and asked who had touched Him. The disciples however did not think it strange that Jesus should be touched, pushed or even jostled in such an immense crowd. But the woman, knowing that Jesus knew what had happened, came and fell down at His feet and confessed having touched His garment and there before the multitude she told her story. Jesus, in a kind fatherly way consoles her by saying, "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole." While He was yet speaking messengers came from the ruler's house saying, "Trouble not the Master, for thy daughter is dead." But Jesus tells them not to fear, but believe Him; for if they believe she shall be again restored. When He reaches the house He finds it in a great tumult. Many of the child's friends and relatives had come to mourn her death. He told them not to weep for the child was not dead but only asleep, but they laughed Him to scorn.

Then He forced everyone to leave the room except the child's parents, Peter, James and John. And when they were alone, He taketh the damsel by the hand and saith, "Maiden arise," and the damsel arose and began to walk. Jesus commanded the parents to give her something to eat. They were however very greatly amazed, but Jesus commanded them not to say anything about it to anyone.

When Jesus had left Jairus' home He was met by two blind men who cried unto Jesus saying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us." Jesus however continued on His way to His place of abode, and when He arrived at the house He turned and saw that the two men still followed Him. Then He asks them if they truly believe that He can help them. They say, "Yes Lord." He then touched their eyes saying, "According to your faith be it done unto you." And they immediately received their sight, and even though Jesus forbade them to publish

it, yet they ceased not to noise abroad the great blessing they had received. At this same time a dumb demoniac was brought to Him and He cast the evil spirit out, and the man was cured and spake, but the people were amazed or puzzled saying that they had never seen it done like this in Israel before.

But some of the Pharisees, who were envious and forever criticizing the words and works of Jesus, said that He was casting out devils and making the dumb to speak, by the prince of the devils.

Grantham, Pa.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

BY ADA M. HESS.

The cross, e'er streaming with radiance and glory, beaming with joy and peace, filling each sanctified soul with blessings is the place where we all love to be.

But let us not forget this blessing has cost our Savior much pain, shame and distress.

There is no death more horrible or painful than the death on the cross, with its burning pain caused by the nails in the hands and feet, the torture of the overcharged veins and worst of all the intolerable thirst. Then too it is impossible to keep the body still, and as it swings to and fro each moment brings new and unbearable agony.

But we are glad that we can turn from this awful sight, the side of darkness, misery and dread to one of light, joy and triumph. As we behold Him on the cross, what to we see? One with great strength of soul, resignation to God's will, love for humanity, triumph over shame, cruelty and horror, beholding His mother and making provision for her, absorbed in prayer for His murderers and interested in the penitent thief on the cross.

Oh the love! the fathomless love of Jesus, the only begotten of the Father who left the shining courts of heaven and suffered such untold agony for you and me.

And still worse were the sufferings of His mind. That well beloved son, whom the Father loved, who was continually in the Father's presence, surrounded with love, knew nothing but love, whose soul was pure and spotless and whose life was all holiness is now entirely separated from the Father's presence, surrounded with dark, bitter and hellish passions and the sins, not only of the present but of those in the past and those in the future, the sins of all the world pressed themselves upon His loving and holy soul.

Oh the weight of the words, "My God, my God why hast Thou forsaken me" as they burst forth through the long silence amid the darkness; the moment the soul of our Savior touched the very bottom of His misery. Then the joy of triumph as the sun again bursts forth in brightness, the struggle is ended, the great victory won as He cries, "It is finished."

Father into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

Let every heart rejoice, let every knee bow, let the rocks and hills sing forth His praises and let men everywhere both young and old lift up holy hands to our God. For had not our Savior died we could not enjoy peace and happiness in our souls to night, our hopes would all be in vain, we would have no salvation, no anchor and no refuge from the storms and turmoils of darkness and despair.

Had there not been a cross there would be no crown. But who bears the cross for Jesus, will also wear the jeweled crown and have the privilege of praising Him forever and ever and ever.

Grantham, Pa.

THE SUN WENT DOWN WHILE IT WAS YET DAY.

It was my privilege quite recently to have a long auto run over the mountain scenery of old Pennsylvania, arriving at the home of one of our Christian sisters in the early night hour. She at once recognized my voice and bade me welcome. We spent some little time in Christian talk, then prayed and retired for the night. About 2.30 A. M. I awoke from sleep and our mind was carried to our old homestead, the place of my birth, where my brother D. D. Myers now lives, where on the evening of Sept. 12, 1912, I sat on the veranda and looked on the sun setting beyond the Western hilltops. I exclaim, Oh my, Oh my, Oh my. A still voice calmly says, Why Johnny, what is wrong? I sigh and breath out, Oh my, The sun is gone down while it is yet day, and I have not as an hireling accomplished my day. In the deepest anguish of my soul I pray, Oh Lord, may there yet ten years be added to my life, although I am near three score and ten.

The curtains of night draw around us: my brother and wife are in company: presently we read from the old Bible and have prayer. We retire for rest, the morning light breaks upon us, we once more worship at the family altar, enjoy our morning meal and spend the day quite pleasantly. Toward another setting of the sun our brother is ready with his horses in his two-seated surrey to convey us from his home a little ways over the hills north to the little village of Grantham. We soon find ourselves in a little company of saints convening at Bro. Keefer's home where prayer is wont to be made. Presently the Bible is handed, and we read a portion of God's word and gave a word of exhortation, then testimonies of the saints followed with song and prayer. We close this service and are entertained for the night with Sister Kraybill. The day-light breaks, we again enjoy the rising from rest to worship Almighty God and to partake of the morning meal.

The lovely cool morning of the September breezes is beautiful. Presently we take a stroll in the hill-side village along the side walk that seems

to lead the way and presently we halt at what we presume is a College building. We stop and read MESSIAH BIBLE SCHOOL and MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME. We walk through the main entrance into the chapel room and take a seat in the rear end of the room. Presently the students gather for the morning exercises. We enjoy seeing the youth coming in and we again wring our hands and exclaim, The sun went down while it was yet day. We again say, Oh my, and wring our hands and exclaim, We have not accomplished as a day's hireling. Still it lingers in our mind as we see the boys and girls coming in and say, Oh my, could I turn the dial of my life back I would do it.

Presently there comes one of the teachers of the College to me. I was somewhat embarrassed at first, but I soon recovered a little as he approached me very lovingly and I thought within me, Oh, this is one of the teachers: why it is Bro. E. H. Hess, and I felt quite comfortable. How natural to the human side to desire comfort. Why yes, I felt as though I was not strange after all. After a warm greeting and a hearty hand-shake, Bro. Hess asked me to come with him to the platform and lead the morning service. At first I felt a little timid as I had so recently awoke to the fact that I had not accomplished as a hireling my day, but after a little meditation I thought well boys, My motto is, try again. Soon I found myself more at home as Bro. Hess was with me on the stand. I confess dear readers, I felt a little out of place before the boys and girls. Though I had often before stood before large assemblies, yet I only so recently discovered that my sun had gone down while it was yet day. Bro. Hess handed me the Bible and I felt a little comforted, having before me the boys and girls, please excuse me I had better said, the students, in readiness for the usual morning service. I endeavored to have my mind collected, Bro. Hess having kindly said, I should not be in a hurry, or perhaps better said, I should take time. By this time my nerves were quieted and I turned to the prophecy of Isaiah, chapter 55, and read, "Ho every one that thirsteth." I endeavored to impress on the students the necessity of having a desire for education. A well-watered and nutritious field is found in the 55th chapter of the Book of Isaiah. We bowed in prayer invoking God's blessing upon the school. The service closed and I meet with pleasure some of the young Christian boys. I was invited into some of the class rooms. Time so soon passed by, and the invitation was to dine with the school which I readily accepted. After dinner I was kindly shown around the kitchen and pantry, cellar and storage room. It was quite evident to me that the institution is properly arranged and managed.

By this time I have become pretty well acquainted with our Bible School and Training Home, but I now feel as if I had been here long enough and without any good byes I departed.

After a little walk in the country I met a Christian man, and was soon in conversation with him and we learn that we belong to the same church. I had after all known of this brother and as he soon inquired where I came from I just kindly told him I had been at Grantham. I did not give myself away as to what I thought of the school. You know I have traveled a little and I have learned that it is not best to be too free with strangers. So this brother soon ventilated himself as regards the School. I however soon learned that he was one of those very zealous and conscientious men and made much of keeping the commandments and, by the way, I learned that they had no children. This man did not know the difference between the ordinances and commandments, so he was only harping on the ordinances of the church and forgot or else never knew that Jesus commanded that we are not to lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust doth corrupt and thieves break through and steal. It seems to me awful, to just lay up treasures in this life and yet belong to the church, but Jesus did command and say that we should lay up treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal, for Jesus says, Where your treasures are there will your heart be also. Now this brother was opposed to the school. Himself nor his wife has any, or at least very little, in mission work. They say we have heathen nearer, we have them right at home, but are not willing to help the poor: give nothing to the poor preacher that gives his time to the service of the church that they say they love so much but they will not help. So this man had a lot against the school and his church because at the last meeting a brother asked him to help to pay the indebtedness of the school building: so he was feeling badly.

I kindly bade my brother good bye, but presently met one of the brethren with whom I was well acquainted. This good brother has a family, but, like the first one is somewhat radical on some lines. He is not out on laying up treasure on earth. He knows his Bible quite well on some lines and is quite liberal inclined according to the means he has. Like the first he knew of my being at the Grantham School and he quite soon inquired as to how I enjoyed my visit, and was a little astonished that I felt at home at Grantham College, as it is sometimes called, yet lovingly. He expressed himself, yet somewhat reserved, Well if I had boys old enough I would not send them to Grantham, I would rather send them to some other college or high school. By the way, I learned that he had never done as I did, went and saw and heard for himself. This man is still nearer right than the first one I met. We soon parted with a loving good bye. It being a very pleasant afternoon and meeting company as I did time passed very quickly and being again impressed with the condition of things I met, and as it was going toward the setting of the

sun in the Western horizon, the impression fastens itself more deeply on my mind, His sun went down while it was yet day. We hasten to accomplish as an hireling his day. I met a third brother. He is a man of long experience: had reared a family of well-to-do boys and girls but could not see school or education beyond our common free school. In fact, he talked against education. In process of time there was a denominational College built not so far from his home. Being a man of good common sense he watched the course pursued by these people. He saw that they were taking care of their children, and were reaching out for his, and his grand children, his brethren's children. Meanwhile the school project at Grantham was launched and this good old brother's name appeared on some of the committee work. He don't object: other brethren like him have changed their views by this time and have come to the front, and, like the third, brother I have met this afternoon, are ready to let on as if they would push the work forward.

Good for what is accomplished, but at present the school project puts us in mind of a set of men that wanted to cook a large pot of mush. They got ready; several got the pot, others the wood, the matches, others the water and salt: quite a number prepared stirring sticks to stir the mush but none willing to give the meal. There is where the sticker is. The third brother I met this afternoon I in our acquaintance learned that he did his part in giving the meal, and says, Brethren we owe it to the church we love. Oh so much will we, as an hireling, accomplish the work, or will it be true of us, The sun went down while it is yet day? My visit ends and I feel as if my day was well spent, and I as an hireling have accomplished the work of a day.

John H. Myers.

KEEP THYSELF PURE.

Keep thyself pure.
The little babe about thy heart entwining,
Trusting a mother's love, so safe and sure,
Is pure as morning dews on lilies shining.
O, keep him pure.

Keep thyself pure.
The little child with questionings entreating,
Trusting a mother's word, sincere and sure,
Is pure as when his heart with thine was beating.
O, keep him pure.

The joyous girl
With all a woman's love and pain before her.
Her innocence, God's gift, heaven's purest pearl,
Walks stainless while love's white wings hover o'er her.
O, guard that pearl.

The thoughtful boy
Has shy and reverent dreams of love and beauty,
Feels his heart's tendrils reaching out for joy:
O, teach him holiness and truth and duty
Without alloy.

Keep thy home pure.
Pure hearts, pure thoughts, pure books,
pure love about thee
Make up a blessedness that must endure.
So live that none can question, none can doubt thee,
Keep thy life pure.

Thus duty blooms with joy, like Aaron's rod,
The pure in heart are daily seeing God.

TEMPERED.

A blacksmith, about eight years after he had given his heart to God, was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question, "Why is it you have so much trouble? I have been watching you. Since you joined the church and began to 'walk square,' and seem to love everybody, you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parsons tell us?"

With a thoughtful but glowing face the blacksmith replied:

"Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been 'tempering' it for some time. To do this I heat it red-hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking 'temper,' I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle. So I threw them in the scrap pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound; this carriage spring is very valuable."

He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued:

"God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's the way I see it. We have the good time all right, for God's smile means heaven. But He wants us for service, just as I want this piece of iron. And He has to put the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing us with trial. Ever since I saw this I have been saying to Him, 'Test me in any way you choose, Lord; only don't throw me in the scrap pile.'—Selected by Samuel M. Engle, Hummelstown, Pa.

THE BAR.

Written by a life convict in the Joliet (Ill.) Prison. The saloon is sometimes called a Bar—that's true.

A Bar to Heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.
A Bar to manliness and wealth;
A door to want and broken health;
A Bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to grief and sin and shame.
A Bar to home, a Bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair.
A Bar to honored useful life;
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A Bar to all that's true and brave,

A door to every drunkard's grave;
A Bar to joys that home imparts,
A door to tears and broken hearts;
A Bar to heaven, a door to hell;
Whoever named it, named it well.

—Selected by D. E. Rohrer,
Oakland, California.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

A. B. EARLE.

About forty years ago I had what I called a new and very rich experience. It has been of great service to me since. I learned that a minister may be very anxious for souls and labor earnestly for a revival, and even weep over lost men, and yet not have a full outfit for his work. He may earnestly believe he is fully in the work and prepared to lead his flock, and yet not have any real soul travail himself.

I held union meetings, alternately between the Baptist Church and the Congregational. I visited from house to house, and prayed with different families, and felt very anxious for a revival; I worked hard, and looked pale from hard work. It seemed to me I would have been willing to die for souls, and yet I found my heart was not thoroughly melted.

I preached quite a number of times to the churches in all the earnestness of my heart, and tried more and more earnestly to get them near enough to Christ to have a revival. I wondered why they did not melt down; I was half discouraged. After prayer and fasting and much labor, I went alone before God and inquired what the matter was, and what more we could do. Then God seemed to speak to me by the Spirit and say, "You are just as cold as the churches to whom you are preaching." It startled me. "Am I cold?" I said. "Your heart has not really broken up for years." I said, "Did I not weep while preaching this afternoon?" "You did, but it was water running from ice when the sun is on it."

Then I saw it all; I saw the difference between anxiety and soul travail. I had great anxiety, but no soul travail. I then saw why souls were not saved and God's work revived.

The fault was largely with the minister, and I was the minister. I went to the Congregational pastor and told him what I had discovered. After a little, as he looked into his own heart, he said, "I am in the same state." No wonder there was no more done. Ministers had not the upper room power; they had but little power with God.

We prayed with and for each other for some days, but my heart did not melt. I knew there was power enough

in Christ to break up the fountain of my heart, and there was efficacy in prayer.

So I resolved to spend the night alone with God. And what a night it was! I had, I think, twenty seasons of prayer that night, but my heart seemed to rebel and grow harder.

After four hours I had used all my arguments with God, and my heart had not melted. I finally used the publican's prayer for hours, "God be merciful to me a sinner, God be merciful to me a sinner."

I did not detect any immorality in my life, but I lacked the anointing; needed the baptism of pain, real birth pain that brings souls into the kingdom.

Toward morning the fountain broke up; my heart melted as it had not for years. Christ seemed to breathe on me and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And O, such a fullness of love, my heart was full; I said all alone, "I've got it, the long sought blessing is mine."

In the morning I went out and said the very words I had used the day before. Now the wicked broke down. I preached a little sermon to the churches, and they broke down, and the work broke out with power. I found the fault was with the preacher, and I was myself the preacher.

Little did I think I myself was in the way when I was so anxious and working so hard. I could not say the deacons and members of the churches were right, but how soon they melted when the ministers melted. For more than sixty years I have noticed that as soon as the pastors have melted down and led the way, the churches have usually quickly followed, and I have worked with about ten thousand ministers in twenty-three denominations over the country.

If the pastors with whom I have labored have not melted down and received the baptism of real soul travail, the work has usually been light and unsatisfactory, but if they have received the baptism of pain, so that they really travailed in birth for lost men, I have never known a failure. —*"A Promise Fulfilled."* Sel. by Sr. M. J. Long.

HE WHO ABHORS HIMSELF, sees and feels it to be right that God should abhor him. He can accordingly take part with God against himself—justify God while he reproaches and condemns himself. And he who can do this is prepared to embrace the Gospel. —Payson.

ARE WE IN THE SUCCESSION?

Here, then, is a principle. The gospel of a broken heart demands the ministry of bleeding hearts. If that succession be broken we lose our fellowship with the King. As soon as we cease to bleed, we cease to bless. My brethren, are we in this succession? Does the cry of the world's need pierce the heart and ring even through the fabric of our dreams? Do we "Fill up" our Lord's sufferings with our own sufferings, or are we the unsympathetic ministers of a mighty passion? I am amazed how easily I become callous. I am ashamed how small and insensitive is the surface which I present to the needs and sorrows of the world. I so easily become enwrapped in the soft wool of self-indulgency, and the cries from far and near cannot reach my easeful soul. "Why do you wish to return?" I asked a noble young Missionary who had been invalidated home; "Why do you wish to return?"

"Because I can't sleep for thinking of them!"

But, my brethren, unless I spend a day with my Lord, the trend of my life is quite another way. I cannot think about them because I am so inclined to sleep! My brethren, I do not know how any Christian service is to be fruitful if the servant is not primarily baptized in the spirit of a suffering compassion. We can never heal the need we do not feel. Tearless hearts can never be the heralds of passion. We must pity if we would redeem. We must bleed if we would be the ministers of the saving blood. Are we in the succession? Are we shedding our blood? Are we filling up "That which is behind of the sufferings of Christ?"

It was done in Uganda, when that handful of lads, having been tortured, and their arms cut off, while they were being burned to death, raised a song of triumph, and praised their Savior in the fire, "Singing till their shriveled tongues refused to form the sound." They are doing it in China, the little remnant of the decimated churches gathering here and there upon the very spots of butchery and martyrdom, and renewing their covenant with the Lord. They are "Filling up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ."

James Hannington was doing it when he wrote this splendidly heroic word, when he was encountered by tremendous opposition; "I refuse to be disappointed; I will only praise!" James Chalmers was doing it when, after long years of hardship and difficulty, he

proclaimed his unalterable choice: "Recall the twenty-one years, give me its shipwrecks, give me its standings in the face of death, give it me surrounded with savages with spears flying about me, with clubs knocking me to the ground—give it me back, and I will still be your Missionary!" Are we in the succession?—*Selected.*

THE LOCKED UP PARDON.

In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old gray, ruined tower, covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent, but that fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored by the many, and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of the spinning wheel.

We must feel horror-struck at the fearful turpitude of that man, who having the pardon for his fellow creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point His finger to most of us, and say: "Thou art the man. Thou hast a pardon in thy hands to save thy fellow creature, not from temporal, but from eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designated for all. Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?" —*Selected.*

AWAY WITH SUCH uncharitable censuring of others, and be more just and severe in rebuking yourself. Away with unprofitable controversies: spend your thoughts rather upon this momentous question, "Am I sound or am I rotten at heart?" "Am I a new creature or the old disguised in borrowed clothing?" Let it be your prayer that you be not deceived.—*Flavel.*

May there rest upon us that peace which is the cure of care, taking from love its anxiety, from bereavement its anguish, from desolateness its loneliness, resting upon human hearts as sunlight upon all the land this day.—*George Rudolph Freeman.*

Grantham, Pa. November 4, 1912.

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I LEARN THAT YOU are agitated by many tempests, and that your soul is tossed to and fro by the waves.—The cross of Christ is divided among all the world, and each man has his share. You should not, therefore, reject that which has fallen to you. Receive it rather as a holy relic, not in a vessel of silver or of gold, but in what is far better—in a heart of gold,—in a heart full of meekness.—*Luther*.

UNBELIEF DOES NOT HEAL ANYBODY. It is faith that heals. Believe then, come what may, believe thou in Christ, though the devil tell thee thou are damned. Though hell seem to be open to thee, yet believe thou in thy pardon through the precious Blood, and be not staggered at the promise. And thou shalt feel thyself filled with a holy fear, and joy, and peace, and love, and zeal, and burning desire to serve Him who has done all this for thee.—*Spurgeon*.

HELL: A TERRIBLE REALITY.

A SERMON ON A MUCH NEGLECTED THEME.

"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God."—*Psalm 9: 17*.

The popular god is not the God of the Bible. The popular god is a dead trunk. He has no eyes, he cannot see; no ears, he cannot hear; no feet, he cannot pursue; no arm, he cannot punish.

Listen, O heavens! God has changed (though in our simplicity we used to think Him unchangeable)! Our modern god is not at all the same as the ancient God. The God of the ancients had iron for Sodom and Samaria and Tyre and Jerusalem, and Balaam and Belshazzar. The God of Abraham used to thunder in His ire. He ruled with a rod of iron, and dashed to pieces sinning nations like a potter's vessel. But our modern god has no iron in his constitution. He has sheathed the sword, and sat down helpless in heaven, an indulgent weakling! Sinai's thunders are hushed forever; and the arm which used to visit vengeance swift and dire upon impenitent sinners, now hangs nerveless and paralyzed. That is the popular god, and I for one, refuse to worship him; for I have nothing to do with the creation of men's wishes, but with the *God of the Bible*.

God is unchanged and unchangeable. "I am Jehovah, I change not," is a word that smites modern thought and popular infidelity right on the cheek-bone and teeth, and will one day put an end to all unbelief in His power to punish—in hell!

The reign of iron lasts still! The same God—who hurled oceans over Alps and Andes, drowning a world, and scorched Sodom to cinders in a hurricane of fire, and choked the streets of Jericho with corpses, and threw the Roman dogs on Jerusalem, to tear it limb from limb, until, in wild struggles of darkness and fire, a nation found its grave—reigns still. The same God—who cursed Cain, and sent remorse upon Esau, and dug a grave for Korah, flung Jezebel to the dogs, and slew Belshazzar at his own banquet table, and hurried Judas to a suicide's eternity—reigns still, unchanged forever, and what He has done before, He can do again.

God has two sides—mercy and justice. *At Sinai He sets forth His justice. At Calvary He is just and merciful.* If you find me a god who is all mercy and not just, I will not scruple to call him an idiot of your imagination. I totally refuse to have

anything to do with your India-rubber god, at whom you can shake your fist and yet live; for he is not the God of the Bible. Justice and mercy are the twin pillars of His throne; and the day God ceases to be just and punish sin, He will cease to be, and heaven will grow dark.

The popular god, who is all mercy, is not the God of the Bible, is not the God of His people, is not the God of Calvary, is not the God of heaven!

There is a hell, understand this first, and be mercilessly clear on this point. The Hebrews took their idea of that awful place from Hinnom's Vale, a deep gorge on one side of Jerusalem. Here red-handed Manasseh passed his children through the fire to Moloch—horrid king!—while the thunder of drums drowned their dying screams. It was the sewer of the city—the abominable receptacle to every conceivable filth and impurity; to consume which, fires were kept constantly burning. The cries of bloated vultures, the unceasing fires—now smouldering, now blazing out anew, as the banks of stenchful smoke always lying over that horrid vale, made it, in the eyes of every Jew, a picture of hell.

There is a hell, though *Universalism*—or *the devil's theory of hell*—with the blandest of smiles, comes to tell us that all alive, saint and sinner, will turn up in heaven at last. The murderer and the murdered, the seducer and the seduced, the hater and the hated, the robber and the robbed, to their surprise, will all find heaven at last. Nero and Paul, Jesus and Herod, Judas and Peter, Cain and Abel, Elijah and Jezebel, Tom Paine and Murray McCeyne, will all come out at the same side of the judgment throne. A strange heaven indeed!—with all the hypocrites and whoremongers and drunkards and backbiters and blasphemers standing on the glassy sea. I say in the name of reason, the thought is blasphemous.

Sin is being burnt into your soul as with a red-hot iron. You cannot throw it off as you do your clothes. It is a part of your being. Look out, men, sin is no trifle; it will live when the sun is buried.

The more popular theory of this age is *Annihilationism*; that is, "I die like my dog." I die a sinner, and am nowhere ever after. The coffin that holds my body is the grave of my soul, and, of course, punishment of any kind in eternity is an impossibility. Now this theory denies the immortality of the soul; for when my body dies my soul dies. But God says, "The

wicked shall be turned into hell,"—"Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

To your Bibles, men, and let us have the truth whatever it be. I will cite the eternal God Himself, and hear what He says: "*The wicked shall be turned into hell*" (Psa. 9: 17). You may scatter the everlasting mountains or split the sun in twain, until, with shorn locks and dimmed eye, it stumbles on the pathway of light; but you cannot alter God's Word. I cite the tender-hearted Savior; and three times in one chapter (Mark 9) He speaks of a *worm that never dies, and a fire that never shall be quenched*. Now be mercilessly clear, for your soul is at stake. Answer me this question, *Did the Lord Jesus lie when He spake of the unquenchable fire?* Did the Son of God picture a lie when He shows us the rich man lifting up his eyes in torments, and begging a drop of water to cool his tongue? Did He mean to harrow up our souls with lying pictures of that which never existed? Nay; but answer me. Of course not, you say; "It is impossible for God to lie." Well, then, it is impossible that there is no hell; and let that settle the question forever.

If there is no hell, there is no heaven. They have the same foundation—God's truth—and if hell be a fable, heaven is fable too. There is as much proof in this Bible for a hell, as for a heaven. The threatenings are as numerous as the promises. God woos, and as distinctly thunders. Drown the fires of hell, and you drown the music of heaven, and like our dogs let us die. The plan of redemption is one. Take hell out of it and the whole scheme fails.

There is a hell, then. Be mercilessly clear; let no doubt rest in your mind here, as you love your soul. Because if not, Calvary was a huge mistake; the death of Jesus was the greatest blunder of the ages. The eternity of punishment and the divinity of Christ stand or fall together. Jesus was not God if there is no hell. The Book which tells of the one tells of the other.

By the permanency of sinful character, the demands of a broken law, the truth of God's Word, and the death of yonder Son of God, *there is a hell!*

Understand, second, that *the wicked shall be turned into it*. I have no delight in preaching hell. I would refrain from harrowing your feelings but that necessity is laid on me. Woe is me if I preach not the Truth, the half of which is, "*He that believeth*

not shall be damned." I dare not, on peril of my soul, preach a one-sided Gospel, lest I should be found smoothing your road to perdition.

If there is no hell, certainly we ought to stop preaching the lie. But if there is, I ask you, as you love your soul, is it a thing to be hid from you until you are in it? Is he your friend who hides it from you, till you are there, and past redemption? If you were walking hard by the edge of a precipice, and about to put your foot on thin air unawares, would not I be branded as a murderer did I not with loud cries warn you? *With endless torment on the track you tread, and only a few steps to it, how dare I stand silently by while you move forward?*

Now for one warning ere you sink, sinner! "*The wicked shall be turned into hell!*" Many have had foretastes of it ere they died. Esau finds no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully, with tears. Saul's troubled spirit foreshadows the restlessness of hell, with no harp of David to soothe it. Judas feels the undying worm twisting in his soul, and takes to the halter to escape it. The dying cries of Voltaire were echoes of the shrieks of the damned. Mirabeau prays for laudanum that he may forget the eternity to come—a vail from the sea of woe.

These last moments of wicked men ought to burn in your soul the stern fact that "*The wicked shall be turned into hell!*" Colonel Charteris, while dying, offered thirty thousand pounds to have it proved conclusively there was no hell but his offer was of no avail.

Unsaved sinner, you shall be turned in *there*: God says it. You may wish it otherwise; you shall wish in vain. Turned in *there*! Your companions—fiends, and murderers, and adulterers, hypocrites, and blasphemers. Your torment in body and soul unsupportable, and that for ever. There is no death in hell, mark that, unbeliever. Death, which is a monster on earth, would be an angel in hell. If death went there all the damned would fall down and worship him, and a shout of triumph would rend the fiery vault till all was still. But there is no death in hell. Long as heaven lasts hell will last. Farewell offers of mercy and wooings of love. Farewell voices of mirth and songs of gladness. No more forever shall mercy woo thee. No more forever shalt thou rest in thy sin. It *was* sweet. Now it will hunt you, and scare you, and damn you; and as you rise to your feet, it will

hurl you down again—your sin! Never shall you rest again. Black clouds thunder it from above, 'No rest,' and tongues of flame around say, 'No rest,' and the tortured everywhere shriek, 'No rest.'

You *must* go there. You shall be turned into hell. It will be by force. No entreaties shall save you. No power can rescue you. The arm of God Almighty will turn you into hell. Drunkard! you shall be hurried from your cup smitten of everlasting thirst. Swearer! God will rivet the last oath on your tongue and drag you to judgment. The last laugh you have at Jesus, scoffer, will remain in your lungs, and echo there forever. Ye drundard-makers who put the bottle to your neighbor's mouth and make money by the murder of souls, ye shall be turned into hell, damned forever.

I warn you, decent and respectable sinners, you shall be turned into hell, all ye that forget—not despise, not reject, not hate, not deny, not blaspheme—merely forget God, ye shall die the second death. Cowardly and unbelieving, you shall have your portion with the hypocrites, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. *Your decency is damning you while it keeps you from the Savior.* The harlots and the publicans shall go into heaven before you who make a Christ of your morality. *Decent unbelievers, you are going from the communion table to an endless hell.*—Selected.

THE QUESTIONER.

BY CARL WERNER.

I called the boy to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same light-hearted
way

When you're turned, say, thirty more?"
Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned
face

For it seemd to say:
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay new-
mown;

Will you keep them always so?"
Then back from those years came a
rakish song—

With a ribald jest or two—
And I gazed at the child who knew no
wrong.

And I thought he asked:
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I cried: "Oho, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after-
year?"

Will you leave no heart to pine?"
Then out of the past came another's
eyes—

Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—
Did he know they were not his mother's
eyes?

For he answered me:
"Did you?"

—Selected.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HEATHEN BURIAL IN SOUTH RHODESIA.

It was a cold, misty Sunday morning in September when word was brought to the Matopo Mission that the head-man of one of the neighboring kraals had passed away during the night.

This man had been sick for a number of years and at one time had been cared for at the above named Mission for some months. Here he heard the Gospel message and at different times since had been visited in his home and spoken to about his soul's welfare. He would say that he believed what was told him, but like many others was not willing to accept salvation, and so died unprepared. I believe those who dealt with him have delivered their souls according to Eze. 3: 19; "Yet if thou warn the wicked, and he turn not from his wickedness, nor from his wicked way, he shall die in his iniquity: but thou hast delivered thy soul." But it makes our hearts feel sad when a soul passes into eternity unprepared.

Upon hearing of his death, some of us went over at once as the messenger said he was being buried. It is the native custom to bury as quickly as possible.

When we arrived they were digging the grave. It was dug just outside of the brush-fence of the kraal; was made round, about three feet in diameter and four feet deep. Then there was an offset at the bottom, rounded out large enough for the body to be placed, in a sitting position. This offset slanted to a depth of six inches lower than the main part.

The digging was done by thrusting up and down, a sharp flat iron fastened to a wooden handle. This loosened the earth which was then lifted out by means of a small wooden dish. It was rather a slow process, but the work was finally accomplished.

While some were digging the grave, others of the men were cutting off green limbs of trees and bringing them to the side of the grave. There were men and women there, helping, from other kraals. As each new party of women came, they could be heard mourning and crying a little while before getting there. And when the friends of the deceased heard their cry, they replied in like manner.

The women helped by bringing flat stones which they got at a near-by hill. They looked rather picturesque wrapped in their blankets as a line of ten or twelve of them marched back and forth. Each woman carried only one stone at a time and this was held up on the right hand till even with the shoulder. Occasionally they would stop and warm at a fire in one of the huts. The men had a fire outside for themselves.

As we were watching the proceedings, we noticed a brother of the deceased take a stone and brake a hole in one side of a gourd. We shall find out a little later what that was used for.

When the grave was completed, the men came to get the corpse. As they came one man said, "Take all of the babies into the huts," thinking they might get frightened. Without any further ceremony, the body was brought out from the hut in which the man had died. The knees were drawn up under the chin and a blanket bound

around all, except the head was left uncovered. When they got to the side of the grave, the face of the deceased was washed by his brother who said as he did so, "Go well, my brother. You remain with your troubles and I'll remain with mine." The washing was done with a mixture of water and certain kinds of leaves, prepared in the gourd of which I have written.

Then a man got into the grave and took the corpse. One of the wives of the deceased also got in and helped to arrange the body in the hole. Then the cords which bound it were cut; a blanket was thrown over the head, and a dry piece of sod laid on top. A small box of snuff was placed under the blanket and some little sticks about six inches long were placed back of the body. Then the chinks and holes around and over the body were all filled with stones until it was hidden from sight.

The men around the grave then filled in the earth which was stamped down by the man in the grave. When it was even full, the wooden dish which had been used in digging the grave, and the gourd which contained the washing mixture, were broken in bits and laid on the grave. Then it was rounded up with the remainder of the earth, they being very careful to put on all of the sticks, leaves, etc., which had come in contact with the earth taken from the grave.

After this was done, the brother of the deceased planted some green twigs in the center of the mound. Then the mound was at a time being taken. Most of the friends covered with stones, again only one stone each put at least one stone on the grave, even the little children who could lift only a small one. If a child dropped a stone rather loudly, he was reprimanded.

During the burial the eldest son of the deceased, a boy of perhaps twelve years of age, was told to stand by the grave and was given an upturned spear to hold.

When all of the stones were on the grave, the handles of axes, etc., which had been used in cutting limbs of trees or in any way connected with the burial, were laid on top of the stones. Then the whole was covered with the limbs of trees.

The women then went down to the river to wash their hands taking with them a roll of mats, a bundle of blankets, and a few knob-carriers which had belonged to the deceased. These they hid somewhere.

After the burial was all finished, we sang a song in their language about the "Shortness of Time," after which Bishop Steigerwald spoke to them awhile and had prayer. We trust that the Seed sown may spring up and bring forth fruit in some heart.

Thus the body was laid away very nicely for a heathen burial, but how about the soul? As it is with this heathen who rejected light so it will be with all who do not accept offered mercy. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Yours in the Master's Service, ..
Sadie Book.

What will you do without Him
When He hath shut the door,
And you left outside because
You would not come before?
When it is no use knocking,
No use to stand and wait,
For the word of doom tolls through your
heart
That terrible, "too late!"

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN THE DEVIL'S AGENT.

A young man in a Wisconsin town gave his heart to God and was converted through and through. He was very bright and before his conversion was very wild. There was a young lady in that town he had been wont to visit often. She said to a familiar friend of hers, when she heard of his conversion, "I wonder if he will come to our parties now?" That friend replied, "I don't believe he ever will, and after hearing what he said, I don't think he will play cards any more." "I'll bet I can get him to play," said she. "I'll bet you can't," said her friend, and they made some kind of a bet together, the two girls, both members of the church, though they had no interest in religion. "Now, I'll tell you," said the first, "I'll give him two weeks, then will report to you." A few nights after the meeting closed he came down to spend the evening with the girl. He put his wraps on the rack in the hall and stepped into the parlor. She invited him to a chair. By and by she said, "Well, let's have a little game of cards to-night." "No, thanks," said he; "I am not going to play any more." "You are not? What do you mean?" "I mean just that—that I am not." "Well, I know that you are not going to play with bad men, or gamble any more, but you will play with me." This was his reply: "I played my first game in a parlor with a girl, and my last with a gambler in a gambling den. Before I knew it I was gambling with all I could get. I don't propose to start again where I did the first time." A brave, kind, polite answer. He had turned out a miserable gambler, and he did not propose to be caught a second time that way. They talked on a few minutes together, and then she said: "Oh, pshaw! I am not going to let you be so particular. What will we do if we don't play cards?" Continuing she said: "There is such a thing as being fanatical. I am glad you have changed, but I don't want you to be fanatical. And right here alone, just you and I—will you play a little game with me? I'll never tell." She pulled out a little drawer and from it took a pack of beautiful enameled, gilt-edged cards, and as she held them out to him she gave them that quick snap, music to the player's ear. "Come on! any game you say, your deal!" He looked at the cards; he looked at her; she was almost trembling with excitement. He looked into that eager face and she smiled upon him out of those beautiful eyes; he saw those pearly white teeth as they flashed out from behind coralline lips; she smiled at him again so temptingly. He thought the world of that girl. He stood for an instant, looking into her face hesitatingly, then he reached out and took the cards from her hands and—tossed them over into a corner of the room. He turned and said: "I have a lesson to prepare to-night for to-morrow's recitation; I guess I had better go home and get it. Good evening." And he bowed and walked out of the room.

Young man, are you made of this sort?
—*"The Young People's Paper"* Sel. by
Mary E. Keefer.

LIVE TO EXPLAIN thy doctrine by
thy life.—Sel.

CRUEL KINDNESS.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

On a wretched day, bitterly cold and dmy, two men, attired in warm overcoats, stood on the step of a tramcar, ready to alight at the next stoppingplace. As they waited, the conductor came up, cold and tired, with a look of suffering on his face.

"That's a nasty cough you've got," said one of the gentleman; "take this and get a good stiff glass of hot whisky when you go to bed; it is the best cure for a bad cold."

"Right you are, sir," replied the conductor, gratefully, as he took the coin. The car stopped, the two men stepped off, and walked a few steps in silence.

Presently the elder of the two spoke.

"Shall I tell you a story?" The other looked at him curiously and said, laughingly, "All right; let us have it." But there was no laughter in his friend's voice as he began.

"That little incident in the car," he said, "reminds me of something that happened a good many years ago when I was living in Lancashire. I used to go to my home at St. Helens pretty regularly by car, and I got to know one of the conductors very well. A tall, straight, soldierly fellow, one could tell at the first glance that he had been in the army and was proud of it. 'Yes, sir,' he said to me in one of my chats, 'twenty-one years I have served Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria; God bless her! When I joined the army, as a mere lad, it wasn't for two or three years, as now, playing at soldiering, I call it. It meant the twenty-one years, best years of your life, in the service of your queen and country.'

"I often used to have a word with him, and as the Winter came on I noticed how thin and worn he looked, and he had a crule cough, which was most painful to hear. 'I can't stand this climate now,' he said, 'fourteen years in India tells on a man, and the Winters here are something cruel.' I often told him, as you told that man just now, to take a glass of something hot at bedtime, but he always shook his head. 'I'm done with that, sir; I have signed the pledge, and mean to keep it.' 'That's all right,' I would say; 'I'm a temperance man myself; but I take it as a medicine, and I advise you to do the same. It would do you good.'

"But no persuasion moved him, and as the weather became colder and his cough increased, I used to feel irritated at his obstinacy, and his 'No, thank you, sir; I've signed the pledge.'

"At last, one day, I said, 'Look here, Smith, here's my address; come up when you are off duty and I'll give you a bottle of old port, which will pick you up.' He hesitated, but evidently did not like refusing my kindness. He came and got the port.

"Next day I left home on business, and was away several weeks. On my return I missed my friend the conductor, and concluded that he must be laid up. At last I asked the one who had taken his place what had become of him.

"You mean Smith, the army man? Ah, sir! it is a bad case. He had a nasty accident. Had a drop too much, and fell off the top of the car. He couldn't stand much poor chap; he had no strength at all."

"I could hardly believe my ears, remem-

bering what he had told me about his pledge.

"I felt uneasy about giving him the bottle of wine; but it passed out of my mind, till one evening I had just settled down to read the paper, when my wife said, with a sigh, 'Oh, what a tragedy life is!'

"Well, I don't know,' I answered; 'I feel jolly comfortable just now.'

"Don't laugh at me. I am not thinking of ourselves, but of a poor woman who used to come to our mothers' meetings. She hasn't been there of late, and I went to find the reason. I found her in great trouble. Her husband has taken to drinking again. He was a soldier, but, returning from India, he left the army, and gave way to drink. Time after time she just managed to keep the home together, only to find that everything was sold for drink. Seven years ago a gentleman got him to sign the pledge, and they have been so happy. But he has been ailing all the Winter with a terrible cough, and one gentleman insisted on giving him a bottle of port wine. His wife was terrified when he brought it, but he said he would take one glass. He drank the whole bottle, and fell back into his old habits. Now her heart is broken, and on Christmas Day, when she had made a pudding for the children, he came in like a madman and dashed it on the fire. A few days later he fell from the car, and has lost his place; isn't it dreadful?"

"You can imagine what I felt as I listened to this, since I was the cause of his fall. Well, that is the end of my story. You think me fanatic on the drink question—for it was that that made me one."

His companion became very serious, and said, "From now I am with you, heart and soul. By God's help I will no more touch the drink, nor offer it to my fellow men."—*Indian Temperance Record.*

"ALL FOR JESUS"
DO WE MEAN IT?

"All for Jesus! all for Jesus! All my being's ransomed powers.

All my thoughts and words and actions,
all my days and all my hours."

Thus within a curtained window, sang a woman's voice so sweet,

While without, upon the pavement of the cold deserted street,

All unconscious in the darkness, drenched by slowly falling rain;

cumbed to cold and pain;

One (once as pure and tender) had succumbed—homeless, friendless, without shelter, she has wandered all the day,

Till at last in sheer exhaustion prone upon the ground she lay.

There a late pedestrian found her, stooping low, her features scanned

In the dim light turned upon her from the lantern in his hand;

'Twas a face of wondrous beauty, marred 'tis true by want and shame,

But the stranger bending o'er her, looks in pity—not in blame.

Someone's singing! clearly, sweetly, comes the voice above the storm,

"All for Jesus!" Stooping quickly, see! he lifts the dripping form;

Up the steps he swiftly bears her, pausing scarce to think before,

'Neath his touch the bell's loud summons brings the singer to the door.

"Madam, see! I found her lying fainting on the pavement near,

And just then I heard you singing, so"—said he, "I brought her here."

But alas! no ray of pity shines within those stony eyes.

As the stranger pleads "In mercy let me in before she dies!"

"No," she said, "you can not enter, up the street another square,

Round the corner stands a refuge—they'll receive her—take her there."

Has he heard aright? he wonders, waiting just a moment more,

Yes, she draws her silken garments round her, bows and—shuts the door!

Shocked, amazed, the kindly stranger to the refuge wends his way,

And within its peaceful shelter soon his helpless burden lay.

Here kind women gather round her, loving hands work with a will,

But just once she moves her eyelids—shivers—gasps—and then is still;

And they stand with solemn faces silently around the bed,

While the matron softly whispers, "'Tis too late, sir: she is dead."

Yet awhile the stranger lingers, gazing on that lovely face:

Of her past, death's icy fingers has not left a single trace;

Not one mark of sin or sorrow stains the whiteness of her brow,

Whatso'er her life's dark secret, none can ever read it now.

But his thoughts go all unbidden to the home adown the street,

Where securely rests the singer with the voice so clear and sweet;

And the matron heard him murmur, "'Tis indeed a bitter fate!"

Had she meant what she was singing 'twould not then have been too late."

O my sister! warmly sheltered, in your home ablaze with light,

Know ye not that souls are dying near your door, perhaps to-night?

Know ye not that all around you lives go out in sin and shame—

Lives that you, perchance, might rescue by one action in "His name."

"All for Jesus," do you mean it, as you sing it o'er and o'er,

While, perhaps, some hopeless wanderer turns uncared for from your door?

"All for Jesus:" listen, sisters. He who died upon the tree,

Says to us, "As ye have done it unto these, 'twas unto Me."

Shall we sit idly singing while the days go swiftly by,

Singing words unmeant, unthought of, leaving blood bought souls to die?

Or shall we, like our dear Master, hasten out to save the lost

Faltering not at any labor, shrinking not at any cost?

Selected.

GOD'S APPOINTMENTS.

The providences of God are one means by which He calls to His appointed work. They are His voice as surely as the direct voice of the Spirit in the heart. The Spirit uses them to press conviction and to lead in the way God would have us go. They cannot be ignored without great danger of losing our way in His will. When this way is lost, the direct Spirit leadings cannot be well discerned.

There is nothing that God permits to come into our lives but has a significance as to discipline, education, character-making and preparation for something important in present and future service. The fact is, "God has a plan for every man" which runs through all the circumstances of life, be they adverse or otherwise. Often the adverse circumstances as the world views them, are God's appointments in character training, without

which there could not be masterfulness over difficulties and a comprehension of their value. These lessons are of more value in early life than is generally realized. Human sympathy would prevent God's appointments to hardships and self-denials and so hinder or turn aside His disciplinary purposes.

The biography of the Bible abounds with illustrations of God's appointments along this line. The rugged training of the leaders of God's host stands out boldly in most every case. They were God's chosen all along, some from the womb. Jeremiah, the weeping prophet, seemingly knew little of worldly comfort, but was appointed to suffer for the cause of Christ, and how grandly he stood the test, so like Christ! When the great whole is seen from the eternity view, the importance of such standard-bearers and their eternal reward will stand out in full glory to the praise of Christ.

The providential appointments and preparations of God's leaders, as set forth in the New Testament, is a profitable study, especially for those who stand upon the walls of Zion. No "flowery beds" of ease to those who go forth with a "Thus saith the Lord" message. O Triune God, help us! help us to be true as the old prophets and apostles were. Nothing short of this will meet the needs of sinful men.

The providential appointments in individual lives are God's finger-points indicating something in the main as to their lifework. As the years come and go, and experience in God deepens, and we learn God's valuation, it is often found that those experiences which seemed of the least value, have been our richest heritage, real foundation structure to our character and usefulness.—*Anna Abrams in The Vanguard.*

THESE LAST TIMES.

Parents who believe the Bible and desire the salvation of their children should not now dare to send them to the universities. A great change has come over them. Their shrewd sophistry and conceited smartness in doing away with the old Bible is apt to impress and please plastic young minds.

Nor is this false philosophy and vain deceit confined to the male schools. Our leading male colleges, like Vassar and Bryn Mawr, are leavened with shallow unbelief, foolish pride and fashionable worldliness. The great apostasy has struck our educational

and ecclesiastical institutions in the head.

History, that reverend chronicler of the grave, should teach us that a religious belief is the only solid basis of morality and justice. Secular learning and a secular civilization, with no Bible to train the heart and conscience, is a disastrous failure.

The golden age of Grecian civilization was the age of foulest moral corruption. The "Shaggy Demons of the Wilderness," that trampled out the splendid civilization of Rome, were more moral than the Romans.

Unsanctified knowledge has power to make more skilful knaves and dangerous neighbors. Most of our bank wreckers are college bred.

Alas, that the splendid civilization evoked in America by Christianity should give way to destructive criticism, pagan evolution and revolutionary democracy!

The great universities of England and America, which were founded for the purpose of maintaining the doctrines of Scripture, and spreading the knowledge of them as the revelations of the living God, and as the foundations of all true learning, have been despoiled of all that made them useful for the nurture of young minds, and valuable to the communities wherein they have flourished; and this momentous change has been accomplished through the agency of philosophy and vain deceit, according to the ancient tradition of men, according to the rudiments of the world, and not according to Christ.

These modern unbelievers really turn state's evidence on the great prophecies of the last times, which in words they deny.—*E. P. Marvin.*

AS NO TEMPORAL blessing is good enough to be a sign of eternal election; so no temporal affliction is bad enough to be an evidence of reprobation: for the dearest Son of God's love was a Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.—*Dr. Arrowsmith.*

"To have willing feet,
A smile that is sweet,
A kind, pleasant word for all that
you meet,
That's what it is to be helpful."

MARRIAGES.

SUMMY—DERR.—On Sept. 28, 1912, at the home of the officiating minister, Bishop Henry B. Hoffer, of near Mt. Joy, Pa., Jacob H. Summy was united in marriage to Annie E. Derr, all of Penryn, Pa.

WENGER—SNIDER.—On Oct. 17, 1912, at the home of the officiating minister, Bishop Henry B. Hoffer of near Mt. Joy, Pa., Herman W. Wenger was united in

marriage to Sister Mabel S. Snyder, all of near Mastersonville, Lancaster county, Pa.

OBITUARIES.

BRANDT.—Bro. Levi Brandt was born Jan. 19, 1832, died, Oct. 15, 1912, at Mannheim, Pa., aged 80 years, 8 months, and 26 days. Deceased was in failing health for some time. He was a member of the Brethren in Christ church for about twenty years. His wife preceded him to the beyond years ago. He is survived by one daughter and one brother. Services were held at the Mastersonville church, conducted by Bishop Henry B. Hoffer and Eld. Henry O. Musser. Text Pro. 27: 1, 2. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

BENNER.—Joseph Benner, son of Albert and Marinda Benner, departed this life at their home near Sherkston, Ont., on Oct. 6, 1912, aged 15 years, 6 months and 5 days. He was a fine respectable young man of good moral character and was loved by all; and was just about to finish his education as a public school teacher when the vital cord was severed and taken from loved ones on earth. He leaves father, mother, brothers and sisters to mourn his untimely end, caused by loss of vitality in a short time. Funeral on Tuesday from their home to the U. B. chapel at Sherkston. Obsequies improved by A. Bearss from Isa. 64: 6. Subject, "Humanity's Emblem," assisted by Rev. Bacchus of the U. B. church. Interment in cemetery near by.

HARLEY.—Sarah H. Harley, wife of Bro. John Harley, was born in Chester county, Pa., Feb. 5, 1847, died at her home in Limerick, Oct. 10, 1912, aged 65 years, 10 months and 25 days. She is survived by her husband and nine children, Lizzie wife of Rev. J. K. Bowers of Trappe, Pa., Annie, wife of Bro. John Tyson of Schwenksville, Pa., Emma, wife of Bro. Abram Kulp of Royersford, Pa., Daniel, of Elizabethtown, Pa., Samuel, of New Carlisle, Ohio, John, and Joel, of Spring City, Pa., Sadie, wife of Warren Walter of Trappe, Pa., Isaiah, of Limerick, Pa., and Jacob, of Philadelphia, Pa. She was a faithful sister in the Brethren in Christ church. A short service at the house was conducted by Eld. Joseph Detwiler, of Souderton, Pa. Text, II. Tim. 4: 6, 7. Succeeding this further services were in the Brethren in Christ M. H. at Graters.—Succeeding this further services were held in the Brethren in Christ M. H. at Graters-ton. Texts, Psalm 35: 14; Isaiah 66: 13. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

HOUSE.—Laurence T. and Evan P., sons of Laurence and Ida House, died at the home of their parents in the town of Bridgeburg, Ontario, the former on Oct. 15, 1912, aged 16 years and 6 days, the latter two days later, Oct. 17, aged 1 month, and 10 days. Both were buried in one grave on Friday afternoon Oct. 18. The young man was ill with pneumonia for a little over a week. In spite of the kindest care at home and the best skill exercised by the doctor death claimed its victim. He was at work every day up to the time when the fatal disease first showed itself. He was a fine moral young man a member of a Sunday school class, which he attended regularly, and was much respected and loved by all who knew him. There is a large vacancy in the family circle caused by the death of these two. They leave to mourn, father and mother four brothers, one a twin brother of the deceased, and one sister. Funeral took place from their quiet home in town to the M. E. church near by. Obsequies by Bro. A. Bearss, Subject, "Shortness of Time," from James 4: 14, assisted by Rev. Williams (Presbyterian) who was instructor (spiritually) of the young man. Interment in the town cemetery. A large attendance of friends gathered on the occasion, showing their sympathy for the bereaved family.